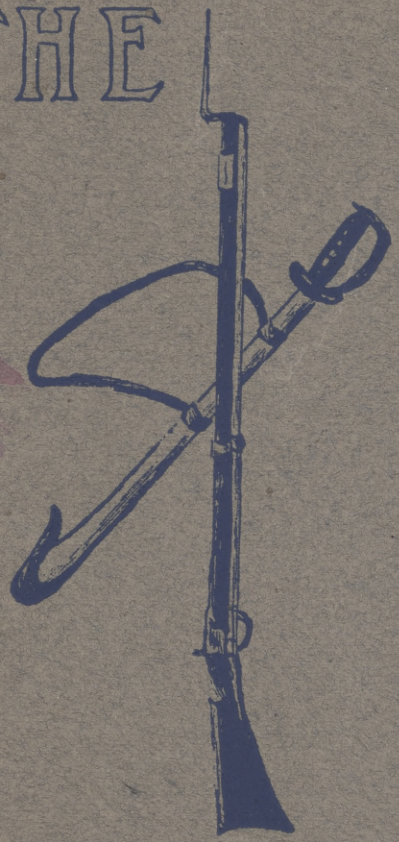
1907

THE BLUE AND GRAY



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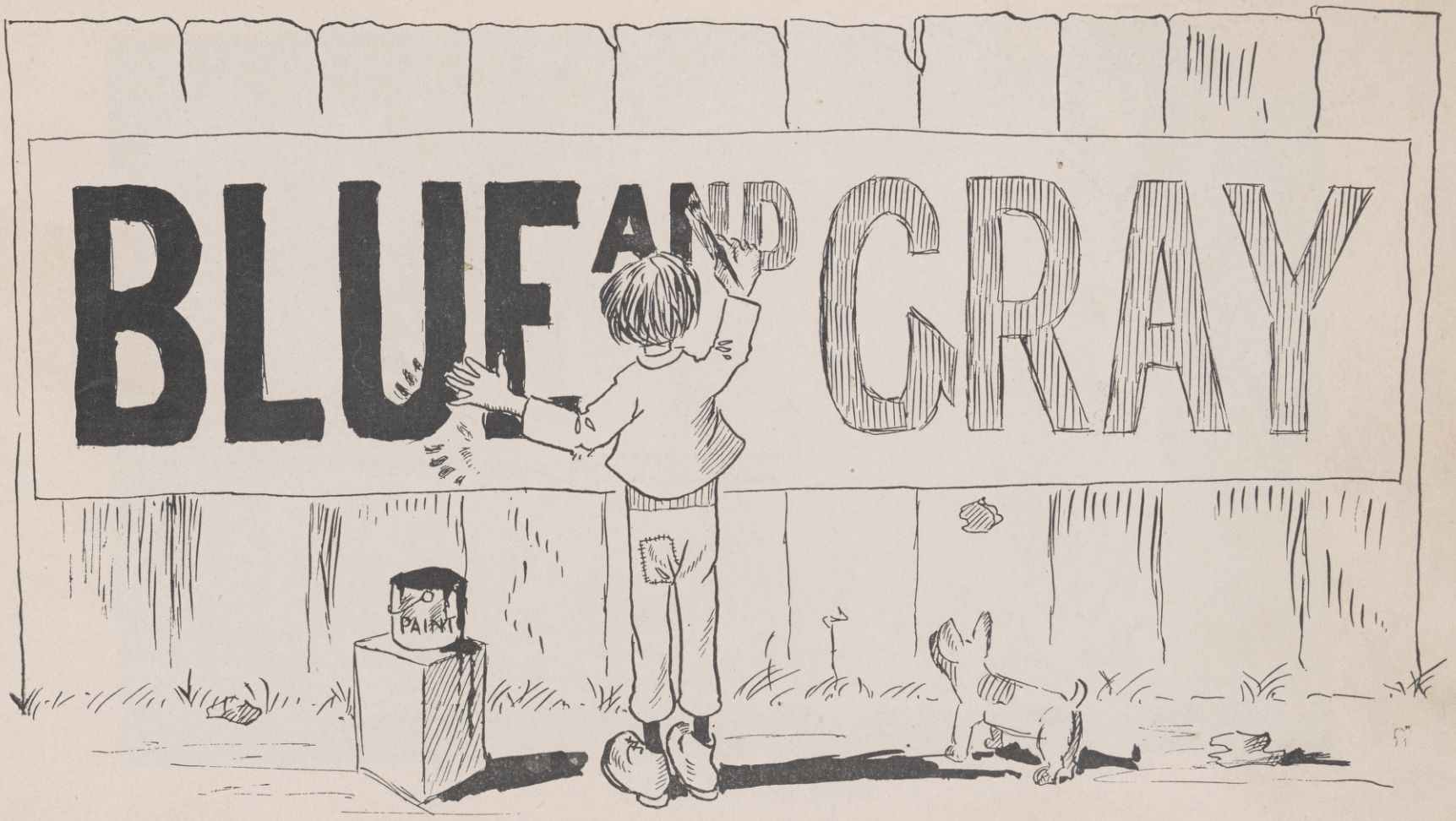

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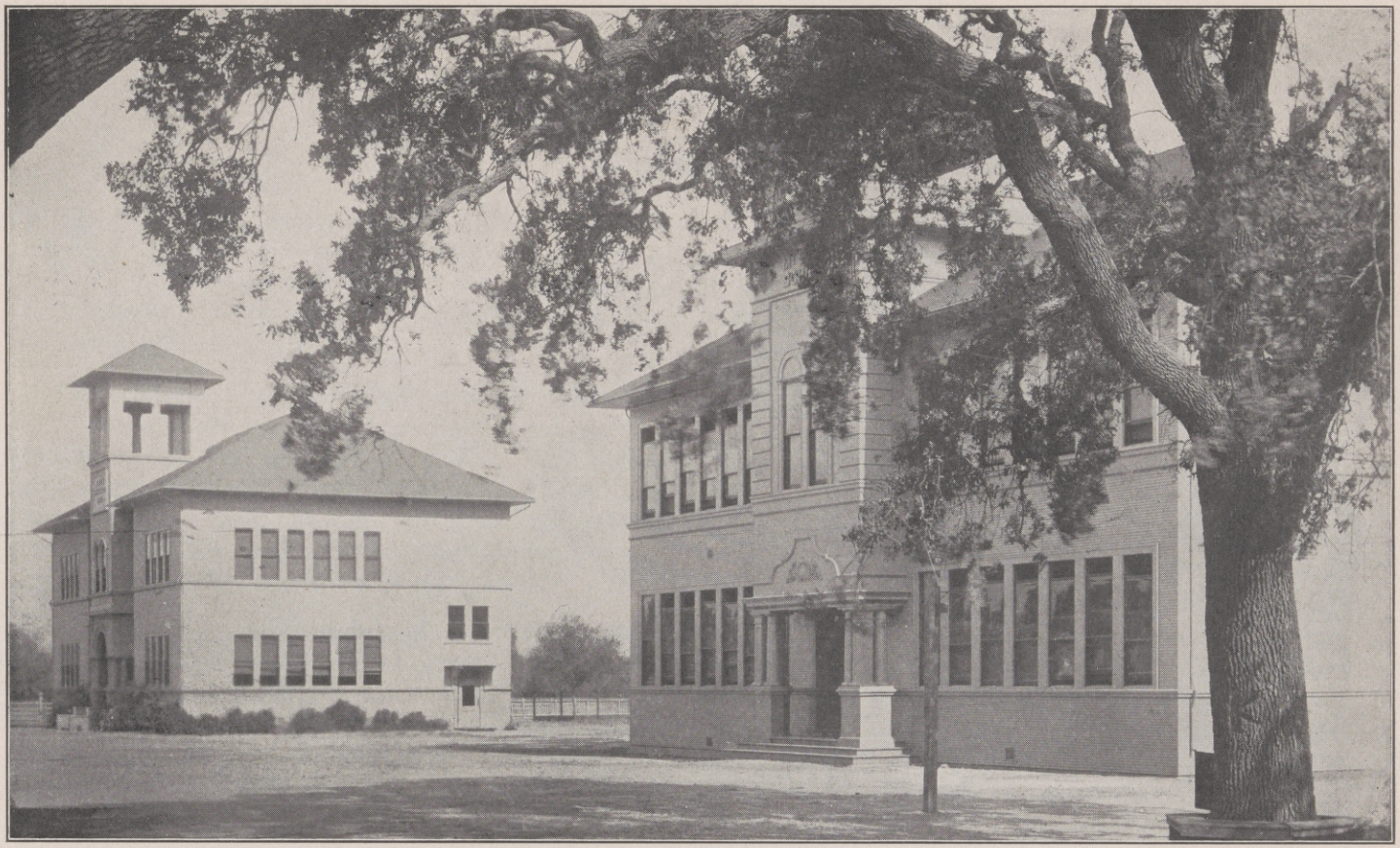


MOUNTAIN VIEW HIGH SCHOOL

EDITORIAL

BLANCHE DOW.

WE HAVE endeavored this year, in putting out "The Blue and the Gray," to give to the people interested in our High School, its progress and achievements, a paper at once bright, attractive and entertaining.

The students, the faculty and the staff have put forth every effort in order to make this edition one that may be placed in the first rank of High School papers; one that will effectually show the benefits of the work done here; one that will prove the energy and ability of the students; one that will be interesting and thoroughly approved by its patrons.

A paper in any High School is an incentive to all pupils. It urges them on to greater efforts and increases their ambition to work. Not only is it an especially good incentive for the students, but it shows to the parents and the public in general, the ability of High School students in literary, artistic, and business lines. It draws attention to the school, its endeavors and its attainments.

Our High School, our paper, our organizations, have always had the earnest co-operation, the hearty sympathy and the material aid of the public. We have but to look through this issue of "The Blue and the Gray" to see how generously our business men have contributed.

We are proud of our paper; we do not grudge the time and labor spent upon it. We hope that our patrons will appreciate our efforts and will be repaid for their liberal aid and the interest they have taken.

We hope that the future editors of "The Blue and the Gray" will surpass any that have gone before, that year after year it will grow larger, be published more frequently and in greater numbers; that it will take for its motto, "Onward and Ever Upward," that the best will be its standard of excellence, that it will always be for the right.

"For the cause that lacks assistance,
And the wrongs that need resistance,
The future in the distance,
And the good that it can do."

The Mountain View High School

A. L. DORNBERGER.

THE municipality of Mountain View, with the surrounding country, has a population of about five thousand. Ever since it was established as a town, Mountain View has been noted for the richness and fertility of the soil in the vicinity; for its healthful and invigorating climate and for its beautiful situation, being delightfully situated in the heart of the world famous Santa Clara Valley.

During the last five years, the population of the city has almost doubled, being now a lively business and manufacturing center. It is also the shipping point of the best fruit raised in the State, but during this rapid growth in manufacturing and in the fruit industry, the community has spared no pains in making Mountain View a model school town, where families may reside for the education of their children.

In 1902 the Mountain View High School was organized, immediately accredited on trial at Stanford, and fully accredited at the State University in 1906.

The school has grown steadily from a beginning of twenty-six pupils and a faculty of two teachers, to one of seventy-two students and four teachers, more than doubling the number of students, while doubling the number of teachers, this being a remarkable growth for a small High School to make in four years.

With the beginning of the present school year, several new subjects were added to the course, thus enlarging the usefulness of the school to the community and keeping pace with the advancement of the best smaller High Schools of the State.

The school has been accredited in every subject for which application has been made, which includes all the subjects taught excepting those of the Commercial Course, as the University authorities have thus far not seen fit to give credit for any commercial work of any of the High Schools of the State. Although it requires but fifteen units of work for admission to the State University, the school has twenty-two such units to its credit.

The aim of the school is not so much the preparation of students for college work, but to serve the best interests of the community educationally, and to make wise plans for the majority of students who can never attend college or schools of higher educa-

tion. In arranging a course of study for a High School such as ours, three classes of students have been kept in mind, namely; those who never expect to pass on to college or university work, but to whom a High School education is to be the maximum; an education that will best fit them for business, trade or shop; also those students who expect to enter a Normal school and become teachers, or pass along to some other advanced work—literary or otherwise; then again those students who expect to enter college and become engineers, either mechanical or electrical, or who expect to enter some profession.

Our courses of study as mapped out for the three classes of students mentioned, embrace what are known as a Literary, a Scientific and a Commercial Course. Each course extends through a period of four years, and of four subjects a year, making a total of sixteen points for graduation.

The first, or Literary course, embraces the following subjects: English, Algebra, Plane Geometry, History, Latin, Drawing, Physics, Chemistry and German; while the Scientific Course embraces English, Latin, German, Algebra, Plane and Solid Geometry, Trignometry, History, Mechanical Drawing and Physical Geography. The Commercial Course: English Algebra, Plane Ceometry, Commercial Arithmetic, Commercial Law, Commercial Geogrphy, Stenography, Business Correspondence, United States History and Physics.

From the foregoing courses, it will be noticed that the majority of the students who are not preparing for university work, are not sacrificed for those wishing to do that work in particular. The students graduating in the Commercial Course should be particularly well fitted for a business life as they have, in addition to the latest and most approved methods in book-keeping and kindred subjects, that training in other High School subjects, not Commercial which broadens their scope of usefulness.

It is the hope of the trustees of the school and of the faculty; that the usefulness of the Mountain View High School to the community may be continued and enlarged so that the patrons of the school may justly feel proud of its having been established, and that its students and graduates may point with pride to the school and to their Alma Mater.

midnight train. He did not know that before she left she had stolen up to his room and had taken one glance at the sleeping doctor.

No one knew where she lived for she was very reserved in her manner. With the promise that they would notify him, if she should come to the hospital or if they should hear from her, he was obliged to be contented, as he left to resume his journey to California.

Meanwhile he fitted up his office and started on his career as a physician. He heard from Carter frequently through bright hopeful letters, telling of his success in Chicago. He was now manager of a hospital there.

Nearly a year had passed since the terrible wreck on the Rock Island Road. One day he received a letter from Carter telling him about an epidemic of typhoid fever. He told also of a young lady stricken with the fever who constantly asked for Forest Gray. "Now, old man, I do not want to be impertinent, but do you know a Doris Wood?"

Three days later Dr. Gray was on his way to Chicago. Happily there was no wreck this time. It seemed ages before he really arrived at the Carter Hospital. So anxious was he to see Doris Wood that he could hardly wait to greet his old friend, Carter. At last he was shown to a room where Doris was sitting, looking at some papers. When Dr. Carter returned, some two hours later, he was informed that Doris had changed doctors, and would keep the last one for life.

A SENTIMENTAL JINGLE

In the Semblance of a Sonnet

He called to witness, all the skies above,
That he no more nor less to her did speak
Than this: "Thou art a trifle too antique
To suit my ideal of a turtle-dove."

Then swearing vengeance for his lack of love,
She said, "Some day shall I arouse your pique
And then if you a favor from me seek,
I'll give instead a lemon or a glove.

The unclaimed treasure did as she had said,
She coaxed the youngster on with glances coy,
Until he took the fatal plunge. But when

He asked this antique maid with him to wed,
She dared not say him nay,—this darling Boy—
For she might never get the chance again.

C. H. A., '07.

A Story

CLAUDE SHULL, '08

THE HON. JAMES WOODROW had never taken into account the temper and obstinacy of his son, James, Jr. If he had, he never would have tried to force him to enter the political field against his will. The Hon. James, himself, had risen to the position of United States Senator from the 28th District of California, and having found politics a paying proposition, wished his son to follow along the same line. James, Jr., however, did not see things in that same light, for he had gone through Stanford with a high average and a growing desire to be a lawyer. Something in that profession appealed to him. It seemed so noble to stand before the judge and jury, striving to protect the rights of the weaker ones.

At Stanford Jimmy had been an ardent athlete and few there were who cared to play left guard on the second team when he held the position of right on the first. Few there were that could pass him in the hundred yard dash, and fewer yet had seen his back in a class rush.

Upon returning from the University with the coveted sheep-skin in his possession, he found his father's heart set on his son following in his footsteps. But Jimmy had no thought for anything but law, and a political position did not interest him in the least.

A stormy scene in the library, arguing over the matter, was succeeded by a hasty packing of his trunks, after which Jimmy, Jr., Class of '06, shook the dust of the paternal mansion from his three-buttoned ties and departed for parts unknown. He had no brothers or sisters to stay him, no mother to keep him at home, only a proud and obstinate, though withal kindly father.

He had a few dollars in his pocket and a store of brains in his head to aid him in the battle for a living. But something else he had—an indomitable will and a spirit of independence that went far towards securing for him the good will and friendship of those with whom he came in contact.

He went to Oakland and started to work in the railroad yards, studying law in the evening. Hard work it was and menial, but little he cared as long as he was earning an honest living. He had never earned a cent before in his life, so consequently found

his new life a much harder one than that to which he had been accustomed, but he struggled on, too proud to go back to his father, and too plucky to give up. There was a fascinating something in the new life that was better than the old, something that made him feel freer than he had at home. It was that feeling that all young men feel when they earn their first money, the feeling that actuated the drawing up of the famous Declaration of Independence on the memorable fourth of July long ago, that of independence.

When the Hon. James visited the railroad yards on a tour of inspection he had not the slightest idea of meeting James, Jr. He had watched his son go out of his life without attempting to hinder him, and he had remained silent during the two years of his son's absence, but nevertheless he missed the boy sadly. He had been everything to him, his only child, the apple of his eye, and to see the apple plucked was hard indeed. But he kept down his feelings stoicly, never letting anyone understand how he missed his boy. The two years of separation had lessened his determination somewhat, and he thought to himself that he would rather have James with him and under any conditions, than to have him absent.

But to return to my story. While Hon. James was inspecting the works in the course of his tour he happened to cross the tracks a short distance in front of a freight engine coming into the yards. By some means his foot caught on the edge of the rail and he fell heavily against the opposite side. There was not time for the engine to stop, and the old gentleman was too stunned to move. A horrible death stared him in the face. But quicker than the approach of the train, a lithe, athletic young fellow climbed out of the cab and running along the projection at the side of the locomotive at the imminent peril of his own life, reached the cow-catcher just in time to sieze the helpless object in the engine's path and lift it out of danger. The effort seemed almost superhuman, and the power displayed was marvelous, but Jimmy (for it was he) had not played tackle on the football team for four years for nothing, and he had not won the races so easily without well developing all the muscles in his atrong young body.

When the engine finally stopped, the young man looked for the first time at the face of the man he had saved, and started back horrified.

"Father!" he exclaimed, shuddering.

"My son," replied the Hon. James faintly. He paused a moment and seemed unable to say more. Then he continued, "You shall be a lawyer."

MONDAY MORNING

Friday comes but once a week,
The student's joy comes with it.
He dreams a dream of the marsh so bleak—
Of the hunt tomorrow in it.

E'en now the boat and gun are ready,
As homeward goes the lad from school;
He'll do tonight the tasks of study,
The morrow is for bog and pool.

His chores are done. His labor lightens,
The couch to him is paradise.
A hearty meal, his prospect brightens
But—study in the background lies.

Alas! he's lost his studious streak,
Tomorrow he will study surely;
The ducks may go for another week,
Tonight is left for pleasure purely.

Ere morning dawns, his mind is changed.
Before the day has come, he's gone;
His program though is well arranged,
This night his tasks he'll work upon.

The eve is but a repetition,
His books still in the corner lie;
He thinks them fit for emulation,
And soon he, too, in bed doth lie.

The Sabbath is his day of rest,
He thinks he must not desecrate it;
He goes to church among the blest,
His studies once again are slighted.

The afternoon in town he spends,
He goes to see the play,
While "Sunday" his excuse still lends,
He must not do his work today.

The evening once again comes round,
The sun sinks to his golden bed;
At church once more this lad is found,
A halo (?) hangs above his head.

The morning brings him back to Earth,
To school he goes with heavy heart;
A bogus cent, he feels his worth;
And pricks of conscience through him dart.

In English class his luck is naught,
Clear to his neck in "Dutch" he's sunk.
In Chemistry his mark is aught (0)
And Latin echoes with a "flunk."

He time and time again doth seek,
To study each vacation day;
But Monday morning, week by week
Tells the very same story in the very same way.

ANONYMOUS.

THE FACULTY

From Freshmen to the Junior Class,
I daresay every lad and lass
Dislikes to shoulder any blame,
And looks with awe upon this name.
"The Faculty."

Who stops that joy, without alloy
Of queening, 'twixt a girl and boy?
Who says, "Stop making those cat-calls,"
And, "Don't go running through the halls?
"The Faculty."

Who makes them study every day,
But very seldom gives them A?
Who is it jumps upon their nex
And makes them take the final ex?
"The Faculty."

Who makes them bring an old excuse
Although they see no earthly use?
Who jots those ugly goose-eggs (oooooooo) down?
The answer's a prolonged groan; Yh-h-h-h,
"The Faculty."

But when our fourth year's work is done,
Forgetting frowns, remembering fun,
When all hard feelings cease to live,
To them our sincere thanks we give—
"The Faculty."

C. H. A., '07.

FACULTY
Marie Simon
Alice Williston
A. L. Dornberger
Gertrude Peckham

Winking

YSABEL MORTON, '09.

WINKING IS good for the eyes. It exercises all of the muscles surrounding the eye, and makes them stronger. Thus diseases are often kept away, and the organ of sight remains clear and bright until old age.

But winking should never be carried to excess. If a person winks about three times a day, it is not considered violent exercise. But beware of too much of it; it often brings disastrous results.

When walking along the streets it is not considered good policy to wink, as the shutting of the eye, and then the opening, lets in the cold air too quickly, and thereby causes inflammation.

Boys, as a rule, wink more than girls. That is probably the reason that boys generally have the stronger eyes. But whenever you practice winking, always be careful of the direction in which you are facing, and don't indulge too freely.

STUNG AGAIN

A teeny, weeny, funny Bunny,
  Hopped a hop—then stopped to rest
'Midst bowers of flowers filled with honey
  The best of places for a nest.

A busy Bee, as busy goes,
  Buzzed her way in search of honey;
She stopped to rest upon her nose,
  Then, what a swell-head was that Bunny!

C. H. A., '07.

A Coincidence

N. G., '09.

IN SUTHERLAND, a little ranching town situated in the mountains of Nebraska, lived Mr. Norris with his wife and only son, Sydney. As Mr. Norris had some important business in New York, he left Sydney as overseer of the farm. He had been away to college for about two years, and had come home to spend his summer vacation on the ranch. He had been home about a month now, and having been raised on a ranch it did not take him long to learn the routine of the work. He was a handsome fellow, large and strong, with big, broad shoulders, dark curly hair, and blue eyes. His forehead was high and his face well formed.

The morning after the departure of his father Sydney started out to round up the cattle. He rode all morning, and at noon sat down to rest and eat his lunch under a small tree. He had finished his lunch and was watching a bird build its nest. He had not lain there long when he heard a low groan, and jumping quickly to his feet, hurried in the direction of the sound. There in the grass lay a young boy of about eighteen years. He had been thrown from his horse and in falling had in some way sprained his ankle. Sydney bound it up the best way he knew how under the circumstances, and assisted the young man on to his own horse. After inquiring where he lived, Sydney found that, with his mother and sister, he was visiting some old friends who proved to be his nearest neighbors. They immediately set off for the place, and as they arrived they were surprised to see all the household talking excitedly, and making ready for a search, for when the horse came home without the rider, they were frightened. Sydney helped his new friend into the house, and assisted in bandaging the ankle, as doctors were rather scarce about that part of the country. After the ankle had been bound, Sydney and his friend, whose name was Jack, sat on the front veranda to await supper. They had not been there long, when a tall, slender girl opened the door. She started, and then closed it again, and quickly hurried away.

"Oh, Lenore, come here a moment," but she had entered the house again, so that she did not hear his call.

"Say, Jack, did you say that was your sister? Don't look a bit like you."

"Yes, I said she was my sister, but she isn't. When she was about eight years old, we were camping out at a little seaside resort. Some gypsies were camping near us, and mother noticed a beautiful, flaxen-haired child among them. She would look wistfully at mother every time she went near her, and one time mother tried to speak to her, but was prevented from doing so by one of the men of the troupe, who took the child into the tent. They would never let anyone speak to her, and mother suspected something, so she bargained and bargained, until finally the gypsies gave up the child.

"The child told mother that her name was Lenore something, I've forgotten her last name. I was but ten years of age then, so we have been raised together. We tried to find her parents but were unable to do so. The only clue we have is the picture in the little locket that she wore. I don't see how she was able to keep that hidden from those terrible gypsies, but she did. It is a picture of her mother, her brother, and herself, taken in a group. Why Sydney, what makes you look so queer? You act as though you might be some relation of hers."

"Well, perhaps I am, for I had a little sister who was lost, and we never have been able to find her. That is the reason we came to these mountains, because mother couldn't stand it to be anywhere around where she had been. Since then she has been ill a greater part of the time."

"Say. Sydney, suppose you tell me your last name, so that I can introduce you to her. Just to think, we have known each other all the afternoon, and I don't know what your name is. Mine is Jack Merideth."

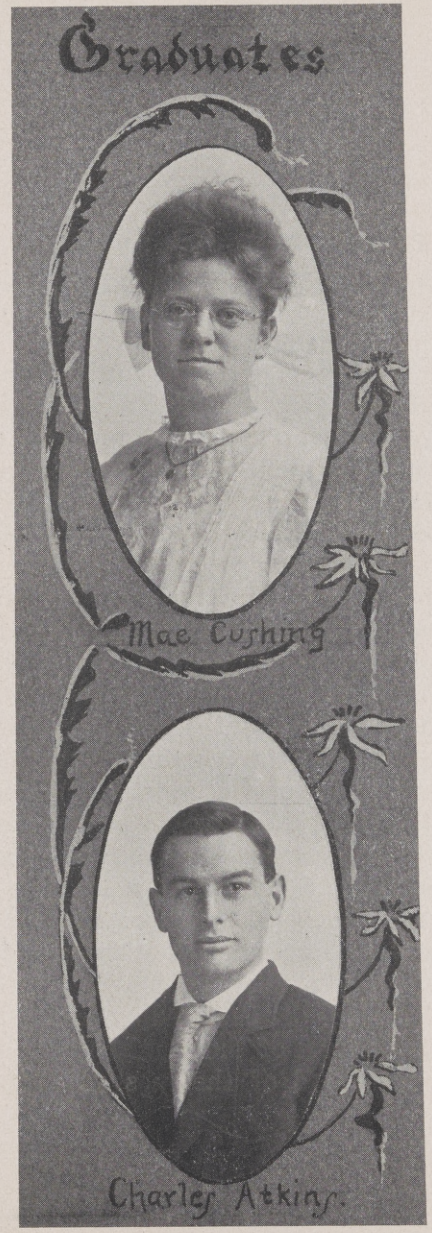
"And mine is Sydney Norris, and that little girl looked so much like my sister that I couldn't help looking queer."

Just at this moment Lenore entered to announce supper.

"Come here, Lenore, I want to introduce my rescurer to you. Miss Meridith, this is my friend, Mr. Norris." Lenore turned pale.

"You are not Sydney Norris, my brother, are you?" she gasped. Jack stood still and looked on. Lenore suddenly left the room, but she soon came back again with a small locket in her hand. The monogram was L. E. N. She opened it and showed him the picture. He opened his watch and showed her another picture which was exactly the same as the one in the locket. Sydney looked up and said softly, though fondly, "You are my sister, how glad I am," and he bent down and kissed her.

"Come, said he, "let us go home to mother, she will be so happy." After hurried preparation and explanation they left for the Norris ranch, and three happier people could hardly be found anywhere than the three who sat around the Norris hearth that evening.



Mae Cushing:

Mae is a "laughter loving" miss of about eighteen summers. Although she has been with us only two years, we are just as proud of her as if she had haunted the halls in her Freshmen days. She learns her lessons every day, and doesn't spend all her time in play, thus being one of our brightest students. She is famous as a tutor in Latin, and we have often seen her instructing a class at noon, vainly endeavoring to straighten them out. When Mae leaves we won't forget her, for she has worked her way into the "cosy corners" of our hearts where she will always hold her sway.

Charles Atkins:

Charlie is a "nice little boy," and real smart, too. He's rather slow in some things, while in others, such as spooning, he's there with both feet. He is especially noted for his fine translations of Cicero and his ability to write poetry. Charlie is certainly a favorite with the girls as well as the boys, and when he departs in June he will be sorely missed. He has been with us four years and acquits himself with marked ability when he tries.

Oration in Defence of the Third Term Precedent

CHARLES ATKINS, '07.

WITHOUT a doubt, every person here, man, woman, or child, has a certain interest, personal or public, in Theodore Roosevelt, the man who now holds the highest office in the gift of the people to bestow upon any one man. When he was elected to the Presidency in 1904 he received a larger majority of electoral votes than any other President since the founding of the Nation. The reason for this is plain. The people had confidence in his ability as their chief executive, respected and admired his personal character, and while they remembered that he was human and liable to make mistakes, they trusted in the protection of his "big stick." As much as we love and respect and admire him, it is inconsistent with all the customs of our former Presidents; it is inconsistent with the will of the people,—who have always had the best interests of the country at heart; it is inconsistent with the wish of Roosevelt, himself, to again put him up before the voters as a candidate for re-election. Why? There is no clause in the constitution of the United States which says a President may not hold office as many times in succession as he can get elected. In fact, the reason that the framers of the constitution decided upon the term of four years, instead of seven with no re-election, was so that a man fitted to do the will of the people could be re-elected again and again. They argued that rotation in office would exclude the most experienced and capable men from the office after their term had expired.

Why is it, then, that a third term ought not be given to any man, however capable he may be, if this was the wish of the makers of the constitution? Answer that question with another. By what authority is the President elected by the people instead of by a chosen body of men as the constitution provides?

Some of the members of the constitutional convention wished the chief executive to be elected by the Governors of the various states, others by the state legislatures, and still others by lot, but all agreed that to leave the choice to the people would be as foolish as to leave the selection of a husband or a wife to relatives. At last they decided to create a new system, copied after the one used by one of the states, in electing members of their legislatures;—an electoral college, composed of the most intelligent

and discerning men of the states, who were to choose the President. Their wish, however, was not carried into effect because the electoral college has been so changed along with the growth of the unwritten constitution, that now every elector, before he himself may be chosen, must pledge himself to vote as the people wish, who send him. What is that but defeating the very purpose of having the institution, namely, to place the choice of a President above the reach of the popular vote?

In exactly the same way the President's Cabinet, composed of the heads of all the executive departments, has grown. The constitution provided for the departments themselves, but it did not provide for that powerful body, the cabinet. It grew out of a very innocent looking clause in the written constitution which reads, "The President **may** call for an opinion in writing from any of his Secretaries." It says he **may**, not **must**. The first President took advantage of the word "may." The second, third, and all the rest did likewise, and consequently that little word "may" has come to mean "must," for we would just as soon think of having a government without the President, as a President without his cabinet.

Since these three cases are all very similar, the answer to the first will be embodied in the answer to the other two.

Precedent has been responsible for the growth of the cabinet. Precedent and the unwritten constitution have made the popular election of the President possible. Precedent accounts for the fact that no President has ever accepted a third term in office.

At the close of Washington's first term he was so popular that he was asked to accept a second term. He did accept. At the close of his second term he was even more popular than before, and he was urged to serve once more. Why do you suppose he refused? You do not think for a moment that he was troubled by any scruples, do you? Not a bit of it. As he stated in his farewell address, he was merely weary of office and longed for private life. He felt that "The pursuit of inclination was no longer incompatible with his duty to the public."

Again in Jefferson's administration, over a year before the close of his second term, Vermont sent a formal invitation to Jefferson to accept a third nomination. Six other states followed her lead. This, it would seem, was enough inducement for any ordinary man, but apparently Jefferson was extraordinary. He had a great deal of pride and followed Washington's example, refusing the nomination. These are his words: "I do not wish to be the first example of prolongation in office beyond the second term. That I should lay down my charge at the proper time is as urgent as to have borne it faithfully." The populace accepted his refusal and while they regretted the loss of so capable an executive, they heartily endorsed his anti-third-term principles. The Tammany Society in Philadelphia drank the toast, "President Jefferson—rotation in office is the bulwark of freedom."

Next in order we come to that most impetuous of men, who came from a rough frontier community, as the popular choice of the common people. He was hailed as the people's Friend,—Jackson, or "Old Hickory," as he was familiarly called. It was he who, as the story goes, once rode through a western town on horseback—and noticing all the shutters closed, immediately proceeded to shoot them out with his pistol. It was he who, when he was a senator from Tennessee, could never speak in debate without being all choked up with rage and almost overcome by his feelings. In spite of these peculiarities he was honest and warm-hearted. No one was ever more honored and beloved at the end of his second term than Jackson. He was a man of the people and could have had a third term if he so desired. But even he, a rough, quick-tempered frontiersman, would not break through the unwritten law, and followed in the footsteps of Washington and Jefferson.

When Grant was elected the second time, the possibility of a third term was still four years off, but the people were so prejudiced against it that the newspapers took up the cry of "Cæsarism" and declared that the freedom of all Republican institutions was threatened with destruction.

The feeling at length rose to such a pitch that a resolution was introduced in Congress to the effect that any departure from the time-honored custom of Washington would be unwise and unpatriotic. The rules were suspended for that day and the resolution passed on the very day it was introduced by an almost unanimous vote. This action had such an effect on the convention that the nomination was finally thrown to Garfield.

After that there was still another movement on foot to elect President Cleveland a third time, with what result you already know. He did not even receive the nomination.

For a custom to be followed implicitly by men of the stamp of Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Grant and Cleveland, and to be supported in each case by the people, there must be some deep-seated reason for its existence.

If the feeling against a third term were grounded only in a fear that one man might be given too much power,—that alone would be worthy of some thought, for the experiences of other countries have shown how easily an office held for years, soon becomes for life and then is handed down from father to son until a monarchy has been established; but here is a practical reason much worthier of your consideration. The past has proved that a first term is often marred by acts which would not have been done except on account of a desire on the part of the President to hold a second term. If the possibility of a third term were admitted. the second term also would be weakened by a desire to win the public favor, rather than a strict attention to public duty. The very thing which caused the downfall of Rome

was the system of one-man rule which culminated in the extraordinary powers granted to Pompey, and later the seizing of power at Rome by Caesar. Our Government is still in its infancy—yet the same fate will overtake us unless we guard against it by the faithful following of this conservative custom. In the face of all this, does it seem right to again nominate Roosevelt as a candidate for a third term? It is true that upon first thought, it may seem that his case is altogether different from any of the others. It is true that the letter of the unwritten law entitles him to another four years, because he has only served the unexpired term of President McKinley and one term of his own. Indeed, one might argue that he would not even be breaking any precedent, because no instance has ever before arisen, where a Vice-President after taking the Presidential chair has been popular and capable enough to even be re-elected, let alone being renominated a second time? Then why ought not Roosevelt be renominated? Because it is the spirit of the unwritten law which must be obeyed, not the letter. It calls for not more than eight years rather than not more than two terms. At the end of this term, Roosevelt will have been in office exactly seven and one-half years. If he accepts another term he will be cheating the unwritten law out of three and one-half years, but if he refuses he will only lack one-half year of his full time. Which should he do? When a precedent is once broken, how easy it is to break it again, and some day when an unprincipled man secures power in this way, of what avail will the examples of Washington, Jefferson and the others be, then, when it is too late? Roosevelt's case is placed upon the same plane with the others by his own words. When he accepted the nomination in 1904, he stated that the three and one-half years which he had already served constituted his first term, and that the wise custom limiting the President to two terms, regarded the substance and not the form. He also positively declared at that time that under no circumstances would he again become a candidate for or accept another nomination.

With that declaration ringing in our ears, could you, who think he will run again, expect us to believe that his word counts for nothing? Shall we suppose that this statement was merely made to insure a second term, and that now he will ride right over his honor in order to accept a third term? No. Such conduct could not be reconciled with the character of Theodore Roosevelt.

There can be no question as to whether Roosevelt will choose for honor, or duty to the nation, because a President's first duty is to protect his own honor, and in so doing to protect the honor and the customs of the nation.

Insist if you will, that this is a totally different situation which has developed. Even so, it would still be the crowning act of his glorious administration, to refuse a second term, if you wish to call it

that, and be the originator of a new precedent which will govern or at least influence all similar cases coming up in the future.

There might be some excuse for electing Roosevelt again if there were no one else to elect, but how can anyone complain of a lack of men, with Root, the Secretary of State, Folk of Missouri, La Folette of Wisconsin, and Cannon, all just as capable and trustworthy as they are ready and willing to take the office. If we ever arrive at that stage in our development where we must confess that we have only one man out of about eighty million, capable of directing our Government, we deserve to decay just as the Roman Republic did, years ago.

Then let President Roosevelt maintain the honor of his spoken word. Let him do his duty to those who elected him by laying down his charge in 1908 as a token of respect for the time-honored anti-third-term precedent established by Washington. Let the people elect some other conscientious man to take up the work where President Roosevelt leaves off.—When this is done a new link will be forged in the chain of precedent which anchors us to our Republican form of Government.

A HARD TASK

To write a sonnet is no easy work:
For words to rhyme, I find refuse to come,
And I begin to feel so dense and dumb;
And wish Miss Peckham would but let me shirk
This once: And dullness ne'er again would lurk.
My brain is either dead or very numb,
And I just hold my pen and with it drum
Upon the desk, and wish I were a clerk
In some big store; and dream of future days
When sonnets will no longer bother me.
To read them is just fine, I will admit,
But when it comes to writing, then our ways
Do part. If in the future you should see
One signed by me, 'tis but a counterfeit.

ADELINE CHAPMAN, '08.

Oration, "Words"

MAE CUSHING, '07

WHO can remember when he learned to talk? One would think that the expression of our thought was merely an involuntary action, independent of our own will, as is the beating of the heart, were it not for our observation of infants, who can not talk at all, and of young children painfully learning the art of speech. They seem to learn by watching the movement of the mouth, by constantly hearing words repeated, and by efforts to to reproduce the same sounds. From the spoken word, there is but a step to the written. By a step I mean that they are so closely related that one leads to the other. The earliest people, of whom we have any knowledge, had some written language. The ancient Egyptians used hieroglyphics, picture writings, to express their thoughts and ideas, while the Indians, in more recent times, used pictures and signs to express their meaning. Modern scholars have developed a simplified system of writing, used by all the English speaking peoples.

As Webster says, "Words are combinations of articulate and vocal sounds to express our ideas." When one stops to think what words are, it is difficult to define them. A word, as we see it printed on a page, is composed of merely conventional symbols and would have no meaning whatever to us, if it were not that the best writers and speakers of ages and ages past have decided on certain meanings for certain combinations of the conventional symbols, and words, in turn, in combination constitute language, and language is of interest to us only in its perfection. Perfection embraces good usage. According to grammarians, usage, to be good, must be present, national and reputable.

The word present of itself suggests its meaning. Present usage calls for words used now, not with the meanings centuries ago or even fifty years ago. As men put on new coats when their old ones are worn out, words put on new meanings. The same words used in Chaucer's time have completely changed their meanings. Then, mischief meant misfortune, moist, supple; and buxom, obedient. Many words are now used in our poetry that are obsolete in our prose; for example, "'tis" for "it is, "'ere" for "before," and "in sooth" for "in truth." Pope's thought is still the best:

"In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold,
Alike fantastic, if too new or old;
Be not the first by whom the new is tried
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

Good usage must also be national. By national usage, I mean not only those words that have been borrowed from various foreign languages and are now a part of the mother tongue. We have circus from the Latin "circus" meaning a circle. The Maximus Circus was a large circle, in which shows, gladiatorial combats and races took place. Since our circuses are always held in circular tents you can readily see the relation of our circus to the Latin. "Atlas" comes from the well known Greek myth of Atlas, bearing the earth upon his shoulders and from this, we have named our book containing the descriptions and maps of the earth. "Silhouette," a simple sketch or description in outline, comes from the French, so named from a French minister, Silhouette, whose public economy caused his name to be given in ridicule to cheap things. "Piano" comes from the Italian, "mosquito" from the Spanish, "waltz" from the German, "dike" from the Dutch, "junk" from the Chinese, and "tulip" from the Turks. Such words and a great many others have become a part of our own vocabulary. It is safe to say that you will never have any occasion to use foreign words, for as Macaulay once said, "The English language is not so poor but that we can find in it the means of expressing ourselves." If you think that by using foreign words you will be looked upon as superior to those who use the best English, you have only to acquaint yourself with the best of our English writers, to find out that men, who have perfect knowledge of several foreign languages, are contented to use only the simplest English.

Even some British words are not recognized in America as having national usage, for example, "haberdasher" for men's furnisher, "tart" for pie, "booking clerk" for ticket agent, and "boots" for shoes. In different localities there are words and phrases used that are mere localism, for instance, "gums" for over-shoes, "reckon," "presume" and "calate" for think, "right smart" for very smart, and as in California "bit" for shilling and "guess" for think.

Technicalities, which are used almost exclusively by some one class of people,—by lawyers, mechanics, chemists or football men, are almost wholly unintelligible to the average person, and therefore should be avoided, or if they are used they should be clearly defined. If a lawyer were addressing a body of judges or lawyers he could speak of "adverse possessions," "easements," "law of estoppel," and torts; but if he were addressing an audience unfamiliar with these expressions, such technical phrases would not be understood and he would lose the interest of the people. Look over an account of a football game in a newspaper and see how many

technical terms are used. Is it enjoyable to read anything wholly unintelligible to you?

It is not enough that words should be present and national, but they must also be of reputable usage. Words are made reputable through the best writers and speakers, not by newspaper reporters, modern story tellers or student's essays.

Slang, for instance, is not reputable because it is not countenanced by the body of the best writers of our language. Slang is disreputable. It originated from the secret jargon of tramps, vagabonds and thieves, and is an unmistakable sign of low breeding, of vulgarity and of intellectual poverty. Many times those who use slang do so to save themselves the trouble of thinking. To them a charming young girl is "swell," or "out of sight." So is a good dinner, a beautiful sunset and a fashionable dress. Occasionally a slang expression works its way through colloquial language into reputable use. The prejudice against it is to be encouraged. "Down to bed rock," "peter out," "you bet your boots" and "gone up the flume" are natural expressions among miners, but they become slang when transferred to other circumstances. "To show the white feather" came from cock-fighting. White feathers in a game-cock's tail showed signs of impure breeding. Vamose is a proper Mexican word for "let us go," but when used by the Americans to mean "get out" or "depart," it is slang. "Savey" is really "sabe usted" (do you know") but as we use it it becomes slang. The phrase, "he's a brick" has a peculiar origin. A general when fighting, to urge and encourage his soldiers, told them to form a wall and each man to serve as a brick, and we have converted that into slang. "Biff" is used to mean blow. "I gave him a biff in the eyes." "That's a bird of a suit you have on" or "a peach of a suit" are strictly slang expressions. Slang is fond of clipped works, as monk for monkey. ex or exam for examination, loony for lunatic, auto for automobile, biz for business, and what is so commonly used and is a sign for vulgarity, gents for gentlemen. It is a favorite device of slang to replace a common word by a figurative expression or a synonym used in another sense. Thus, "he had the cheek to tell me;" effrontery becomes brass, to be hanged is to swing, money is cash, dough or change. There are hundreds of slang expressions we use daily, the origin of which is unknown to us and eventually some will work their way into legitimate speech. Of course all slang is not on the same level. There are many kinds, from that which is innocent and almost refined to that which is odious and debased. It is oftentimes witty, humorous and picturesque.

I have dealt with present, national, and reputable usage, with slang and legitimate speech. Let us now consider simplicity as it applies to language. The simplest way one can express himself is often times the most effective. By simplicity I do not mean that we should always use short words, avoiding long ones.

If a long word suggests itself, it is right and proper to use it, but we should never go out of our way to find one. Let us contrast Lincoln's "Gettysburg Speech," marked in its simplicity with strength, depth, and its appeal to the heart, with Burke's "Speech on Conciliation," appealing to the mind with its flowery eloquence. Both are praise-worthy, but the familiar terms and simple words which Lincoln uses, gives his speech a stronger hold on human affections. It is not that a speech is good or bad, if little or big words are used but there is a difference in the effect. In newspapers there are always extravagant phrases, which in ordinary conversation one would not think of using, such as "Launched into eternity," for "committing suicide," "a vast concourse was assembled to witness" for "a great crowd came to see," "edifice consumed" for "house burned," and to quote a longer and very elaborate thought, "one of those omnipresent characters, who as if in pursuance of some previous engagement are certain to be encountered in the vicinity when an accident occurs, ventured a suggestion," in simple language means "a bystander advised." The following singular lines occur in Rowlands "Ape of Eloquence:"

"As on the way I itinerated
A rural person I obviated
Interrogating time's transition
And of my passage demonstration.
My apprehension did ingenious scan
That he was merely a simplican;
So when I saw he was extravagant,
Unto the obscure vulgar consonant
I bade him vanish most promiscuously,
And not contaminate my company."

This means merely, "As I was walking in the road I met a country man who asked me the time of the day. When I saw that he was a vagabond and belonged to the common people, I told him to begone and not disgrace my company." We are now making use of not only simpler words but of simpler forms. This has been a natural change and has been brought about in the most gradual manner. The extent to which English inflections have been simplified is this: the old English noun had about six case endings, the adjectives had several declensions, and the inflection endings of verbs were numerous and there were several conjugations. At the present time, almost all the nouns are declined alike. There are practically only two cases, nominative and possessive. All inflectional endings have been dropped except the apostrophe and S in the possessive case. As compared with Latin and Greek, the English vocabulary shows a marked tendency toward simplicity. This loss of inflectional forms has brought no loss of power in expression. Indeed, no one can rightly study modern English literature without believing that now, in its simplicity, it is an even better medium of expression than at any time in the past.

Simplicity is the plea not only in customs, manners and in dress, in good breeding, culture, and refinement, but also in the use of words. We want our own words, good words, we want words that are used today, words that are used by the best writers and the simplest words that will express our thoughts.

In Freshman English.

Miss Peckham. In the Greek sacrifices, why did they pour the wine on the ground before the altar?
Bernard Mason. Because they couldn't drink it.

Jennie Cushing. She's little, but oh my!

John Sinz. "If you want to know anything, just ask me."

Dan Ames. "Tee Hee."

Eva Newnan. "If I can't do it, nobody can."

Victor Smith. Ain't he cute.

Charles Atkins. "I wonder if there'll be any pretty girls there?"

Miriam Burton. "I can't see my wings, but I know there're there."

Roy Frick. "If there're girls there, I'm not going."

Roy Madigan. "I don't care, Freshmen aren't supposed to comb their hair."

Earle Adams. "Don't you think I'd make a nice pet for the girls."

Lizzie May.
I thought I heard a gentle voice
Just like a pet canary;
Methinks I've heard that voice before,
It must be Lizzie Berry.

Barbara. So near, and yet so far.

Agnes Urban.
They gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all she knew.

Mae C. Short, and sweet.

Alice Hill. "Just a cosy little cottage built for two."

Billy Mount. In the storms of life Billy will never sink. He can't.

Oressa. "I like boys; I wonder if they like me."

Alice and Addie. They are beyond our understanding. Please lend us a magnifying lens.

Rosa. Her tongue is like a two-edged sword.

Jennie Ryan. Her tongue is surely hung in the middle.

Adeliade. "Nobody appreciates me."

Ruth. "The genius in history."

Mary E.
On the golden sands of time
Mary's name will head the line.

Ysabel. "O dear! but this is a lonesome town."
(I wonder why.)

Miss P. (In Physical Geography.) "Elsie, why is it cooler on the mountain tops than in the valleys?"
Elsie. "It is colder there because there's no atmosphere in the air there."

Mad-again. "Hey, bring me that pole-vault."

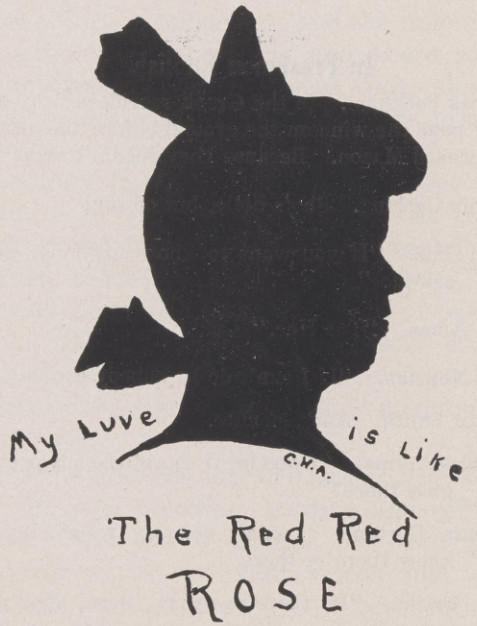
Henrietta (playing tennis). "Love three."
Wise Junior. "Be careful, Henriette, two's company, three's a crowd."

Miss P. (in Civics). "Willie, who took part in the town meetings in New England?"
Will G. "All male men over twenty-one years of age."

Soph. You seniors just run this school.
Senior. Then let's ditch the faculty.

Bernard and P. A. L.
Bernard thought it was a sin,
To enter when he couldn't win
He knew he'd lose. Well, what's the use?
And so he made a "lame excuse."

Somebody.
From Sunnyvale the lassie came;
And rode to school on the end of the train;
She allowed a young man
To hold her hand,
Now she's gone (oh sad fact) quite insane.



In Student Body.

Freshman. I nominate John Brown for the Athletic Committee.

J. B. I recline the first nomination.

John S. is his name,
Sophomore is his station.
His head is slowly swelling,
Look out for combustication.

Claude. I don't see why we have hexameters and pentameters in English. I thought that was taught in geometry.

E. Adams, (reading Silas Marner). Made holes and plant them.

L. Dickson, (translating German). The tongue is the organ of smelling.

Miss Peckham. What did Milton write?
Willie Garliepp. He wrote the Iliad and——
Class. Ha! Ha! Tee! Hee! Hee!

Within the hammock snug they sat,
But how the two behaved
One could not tell, it was so dark,
Had it not been for the remark
"O Max, you must get shaved."

Modern Cæsar. "I came—I queened—I flunked."

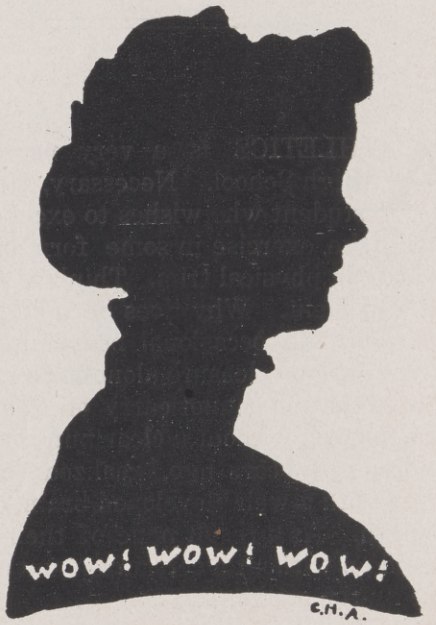
He kissed her on the cheek,
It seemed a harmless frolic;
He's been laid up for a week
They say, with painter's colic.

Barbara. "Ysabel, tell Albert I want him."

A girl who could spell Deuteronomy,
And had studied Domestic Economy,
Went to skate at a rink,
And as quick as a wink
Sat down to study Astronomy.

Wanted: A sure cure for day dreaming. Address, Louis D., Mt. View.

Jenny C. informed her friends a few days ago that she "didn't like boys." Now, boys, dry your tears. She never means what she says.



MAX ISH, '08.

ATHLETICS is a very necessary part of a High School. Necessary, I say, because any student who wishes to excel others in studies must take exercise in some form or other to keep his body in physical trim. Think of President Roosevelt a moment. Why does he take his daily horseback rides and occasional bear-hunting trips? Is it for the sake of pleasure alone? Or is it because he realizes that he cannot carry on the affairs of government well without a clear mind? The Athenians, hundreds of years ago, realized that a man was of no use with a well developed brain and no physical strength. As a result none of their academies were carried on without a certain amount of exercise being done by the students.

Schools need something to stir them up or the students will soon become disinterested and studies will be neglected. What is this something? School spirit? How can school spirit be aroused? By athletics. As an example take any kind of contests in which your school is entering. It may be a little hard to go the first time, but as soon as there is a a notice of the next one you become enthusiastic and immediately you begin to hope that your Alma Mater can carry on the day. It may not be that you are a member of the team, but you will go to "root" for the fellows anyway, since you know that it makes your team strive harder when a school yell is given or their names are given with a Rah! Rah! Rah!

Tennis, baseball, track, basket-ball and the rest all call for quick thought. Tennis and basket-ball are especially to be recommended for this. You might say that it is not called for on the track but let me assure you that you have to think quickly and plan just what you are going to do at a certain point in the race, the jump or the pole vault. Your muscles become trained, especially in the field events. They have to do just the right thing at the right moment or the result will not be good. In baseball a man has to have a quick eye and a trained one to tell him just when the ball is coming so that he may hit it. His muscles have to be quick and well trained in order that his bat may swing just where his eye tells him the ball is.

TENNIS

Tennis seems to be stimulating more interest every year. During the first three months of school, the court was used almost constantly. Then the the long winter rains came on and of course tennis was an impossibility. The interest in the game was not lacking however, and as soon as the rains were over, the students were back on the courts again. About the first of May, Mr. Huff, principal of the grammar school, arranged a double tournament for boys. Although there were not many teams entered, some moderately good playing was developed. After a hard match with Mr. Huff and Victor Smith, Louis Dickson and Max Ish won out in the finals. This created so much interest that a single tournament was arranged. It furnished some very keenly contested matches, as four or five of the boys were very evenly matched, Max Ish succeeding in taking the championship, and William Garliepp second honors.

A team was sent to the P. A. L. tournament, Smith taking first place, Garliepp second and Ish third. Victor Smith played in the singles. The first set he was nervous and lost 6-0, but the next set he came back to his playing and a 12-10 set resulted in favor of a U. P. A. man. Before Victor graduates we hope to see the cup brought down here as this is only his Freshman year. In the doubles, Garliepp and Ish lost out in straight sets 6-0 and 6-1. Since the boys had not had any outside practice and the "net game" was new to them, we hope for better results next year.

TRACK.

There was a marked improvement in track. although we did not take any points in the P. A. L. The boys were more interested than heretofore and more turned out. We have the right kind of material in the Freshman Class as there were three or four out for track. Next year we hope for better luck. Mason, the Freshman pole-vaulter, wrenched his ankle two days before the meet. A promising Freshman, miler, Swall, was not allowed to compete on account of his scholarship. Brown, a Sophomore, a "forty-four" and "two-twenty" man, did not enter

on account of the death of his father. This left Winnegar, a Freshman two-miler, and Ish, a Junior miler, in the meet. Although they trained hard no points came their way.

BASKET AND BASEBALL.

The boys started out to form a baseball team but lack of material made them give up the project. The girls formed a basket-ball team and played a few games with the grammar school, but on account of the objection of the year before (playing againt outside schools) there was not much interest taken in this.

Next year let us hope that there will be more school spirit shown, more in the way of "rooting" (get some good yells) and more coming out to try for teams.

Vaulting

J. S., '09.

Vaulting is a good exercise. It develops the muscles of the legs, arms and body. It is a graceful but hard feat to accomplish. Generally you start to come down before you get up high enough. It is the best sport for Freshmen, as it shows them that they are not too good to fall.

When you first practice it is best to do so privately so you may get a little practice in falling gracefully, and thereby appear graceful in the eyes of the girls. If the bar raps you gently under the chin as you fall, grin and bear it; don't say anything rash. If your feet are very large you had better desist from the sport, as your feet seem reluctant to a parting with the earth. In endeavoring to persuade them you are liable so hurt yourself. If you can't get over the bar with the pole try a step ladder. But keep practicing. You are bound to rise in the world if you do, and though you may fall, you are likely to leave you mark.

STALK
Editor-Blanche Dow
Organizations-Max Ish
Artist-Adaline Chapman
Manager-W.L. Garliepp
Josh as-Ysabel Morton
Asst. Editor-Chas. Atkins

Owing to the fact that KLEIO and the Girls' Glee Club have demanded so much time and attention this past year, the Literary Society has been somewhat neglected. However throughout the year the members have numbered about twenty-five. The members were divided into two sections, A providing the program for one meeting and B the one for the next. During the year many exciting debates, both impromptu and otherwise, have taken place, and music, both vocal and instrumental, formed a part of the entertainment at almost every meeting. Every student has responded willingly to the duty assigned him and thus, though with but twenty-five members, the Society's programs for the year have been carried out enjoyably and profitably.

KLEIO

One of the latest of our High School organizations is Kleio. This was organized a year ago as a girls' literary society, A great interest was taken and many benefits were derived from it by the members.

This year the Society met for literary purposes once a month, with Miss Barbara Knox as president. The weekly meetings are devoted to a sewing circle under the able instructions of Miss Marie Simons, who kindly offered to assist the Kleio maids in perfecting themselves in this special art.

The Society is accomplishing much, and the weekly meetings while being instructive are a source of much enjoyment to all.

THE GLEE CLUB

In October, 1905, when the Mountain View High School Glee Club became an organized body, there were about fifteen members, all enthusiastic and willing to do their part in bringing honor to the school.

As a result of Professor Lawrence's ability as an instructor, and through hard practice and perseverance on the part of the members, the Glee Club has ever met with success, and up to May 6, 1907, consisted of twenty-three members.

On the date above mentioned a change was made in the history of the club. The tenors and one bass found it to their interest to leave school. The girls, thus deserted and having but one lone bass to carry the two parts, organized into a Girl's Glee Club, and through solicitation reached a membership of twenty-four. It meets every Monday afternoon at 3:15 o'clock, as in time past. This is still in its infancy, but the girls has shown capability heretofore and no fear is felt as to its future.

The cantata "Ruth" was successfully delivered before the public on the evening of May 4th, the Glee Club realizing over one hundred dollars.

The object of the Glee Club is two-fold:

1st. That the members may be benefitted and become acquainted with the best and highest class of music, and

2nd. That if called upon by the public, their songs may be a credit to the school, and worthy of being recognized as a branch of education.

ALUMNI NOTES

Of the '06 class:

Louis Wagner is a Senior in the School of Pharmacy in San Francisco. He is located with Schoenheit in San Jose, for the summer.

Rosa Sturla and John Bubb have finished their Freshmen year in Stanford.

Edna Higgins is book-keeper in the James Transfer Company, San Jose.

Ruby Trubschenck has just finished her first year at the Normal.

Willard Ayer is working for the Pacific Gas and Electric Corporation, Mountain View.

Edward Green, '04; is with a surveying crew in Southern California.

Alice Whittemore, '05 graduates from the Normal in June, and hopes to enter the field of teaching at once.

SCHOOL NOTES

THE latest dispatch from London informs us that Mr. Max Ish is practicing law there, and is considered one of the most brilliant young orators of the day. His style of speech greatly resembles that of Cicero; probably so on account of his diligent study of his orations while attending the M. V. H. S.

The Freshmen are steadily improving with age and some of the glossy green sheen has worn off; but never mind, they'll get there some day; but "better late than never," you know.

So let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That Freshmen green will change their sheen
And be read (red) and write (right) for a' that.

Miss Nellie Garliepp is at present situated on 655 Castro Street, Mountain View, where she is engaged in the prosperous business of selling white shoe-blacking.

The following is an advertisement taken from the Bulletin Board of the M. V. H. S.:

WANTED:—A kind nurse to care for and amuse little Joe Hall. He seems to be very restless lately; he must be cutting his teeth.

THE STUDENT BODY

The Student Body is the official organization of the school and any student may become a member by paying the regular semester dues of twenty-five cents. The president is chosen from either the Junior or Senior Class and serves for one semester.

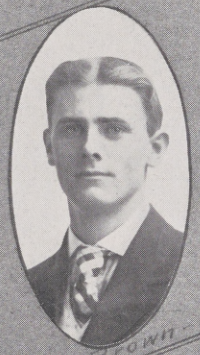
In the Body there are two standing committees, each consisting of a representative from each class, called the executive and athletic committees. The business of the executive committee is to propose plans pertaining to the welfare and enjoyment of the students, and that of the athletic committee is to control and aid in promoting school athletics.

The important part the Student Body takes in the school and its absolute necessity is best shown by some of the work it has done in the past year. All the school entertainments have been given under its direct supervision, and it has financially supported all the athletics attempted by the school. Its membership this year has been greater than that of any previous year in the history of the school, and with the consequent financial advancement come increased prospects.

Usually the meetings have been well attended and a lively interest taken. Since the Student Body has shown itself to be so earnest, capable and efficient, it is to be hoped that in the years to come it will maintain its now important and reliable position.

Student Body Officers.

Ysabel Morton - Pres.



John Brown - Vice Pres.

Barbara Knox - Sec'y

Earle Adams - Treas.

From Seeming to Being.

ROSE BAKER, '09.

WHEN a Freshman enters High School he thinks he will have a "snap." Why just think, only four subjects and three study periods. Surely he can easily get all his lessons in school, and get out at 3:15, too.

When he comes to make out his course he decides to take Latin, Algebra, History and English. Of course he wouldn't have to study English. He might read the books and poems, but they would be quite interesting, and that would be all that would be necessary for English. He would take Algebra, because in the grammar school he had had a little and it was so easy. Ancient History would take one period and Latin is thrown in to keep him busy.

At the end of the first month his mind is slightly changed. Algebra isn't very easy and ten examples out of twenty do not make a very good average. Oh, B in English is quite good enough and C in Latin isn't bad and A— in History is almost excellent. Well, he thinks he is doing pretty well, but guesses he'll do better next month for he will be more accustomed to the teachers.

But the next month's report doesn't show much improvement, and to make an A— average means good hard work. At the end of the first semester he thinks four years is an awfully long time. He wishes he were a Senior.

He soon reaches the end of the Sophomore year and he changes his mind about wishing to be a Senior. Only two more years and I'll leave school. He wonders at the shortness of time before him. How quickly these two years have gone.

When a Junior he looks back and wonders if he was ever as silly as those Freshmen. He thinks not. The Sophomores are away ahead of the Freshmen, but the Juniors are the best pupils in the school.

When he reaches his Senior year he almost wishes the end of the year farther away. Of course he will be proud to graduate but there is a certain feeling of homesickness when the school begins and he does not return.

Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters

HENRIETTA BAR, '08.

THE Magdalene Mission was engaged in its evening service. It seemed to have more solemnity and impressiveness than usual. To me, unused to the city and its advantages, the beautiful singing seemed to be almost the heavenly choir. The young clergyman hurled his denunciations at the listening throng. At the close of the services the choir again chanted, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, ye who have but a scant supply."

I was aroused from my vision of the celestial beings by my brother Marshall's voice, asking if I was intending to take up my abode there or was willing to permit him to escort me to my aunt's. Hurrying from the building we boarded a Vernon car, and were soon discussing the service we had just attended.

Marshall was greatly amused at the impression it had made upon me. "It is all rot, Dorothy," he said, "No one believes in these things now. It's all a show and easy money for the pastor. Now look at those poor devils getting on. Do you love them too, my pious sister?"

I then noticed for the first time a poor Irish woman with three small children, who seated themselves opposite us. The conductor now came to our end of the car collecting the fares. After Marshall had paid ours, the Irish woman handed the conductor her fare.

"Sorry madam, I cannot accept this, it is a Canadian piece," said the conductor, as he returned the coin to her.

"Sure and it's the last cint I have to me name, and the darlint's too small to walk. Can't ye let me ride home and it's meself or Patrick O'Brien who'll be paying yez in the morning?"

Sorry madam, but it's as much as my position is worth to you. It's pay or get off, and quick too."

"Cast thy bread upon the waters," was still ringing in my ears. Here was my chance to do so. To the astonishment of Marshall, I opened my purse and with heightened color told the conductor, I would pay her fare. The old woman's gratitude was great. If ever I needed a friend it was Bridget O'Brien, who would pray heaven to be the one to serve me.

Three days later, I returned to my home in Con-

niston. I did not have an opportnnity to visit my aunt for five years and then responded to a telegram telling me of her illness.

It was midnight, when the locomotive steamed into the Arcade depot. Tightly grasping my suit case, I alighted from the train and joined the struggling mass of humanity ever hurrying onward.

This was the first time I was ever alone in the city. The midnight hour and my unprotected state made me feel uneasy, as I looked in vain for a familiar face. How strange, I should feel so utterly alone with all these people around me!

At last I hired a cab to take me to my aunt's. How tired I was, as the reaction following the excitement of my trip came upon me. I had ridden quite a long time and we were pretty well out in the suburbs when the cabman stopped to ask me my destination again. I told him I would look in my purse and see, as I too had forgotten my aunt's address. I felt in my pocket for my purse, and to my great horror found it was not there. The cabman watched me narrowly and a look of cunning came into his eyes. "I must have my pay, lady, or I won't go any farther." 'Twas in vain I promised him double and treble the fare, but he refused, and I was left standing in the street, alone and penniless. To add to my misery a drizzling rain set in. There was moisture on my face but not of the elements, as I trudged on wearily.

I stepped on something soft and sticky, I slipped and fell. In some way I sprained my ankle. I tried to rise but could not and was too terrified by my mishap to shout for aid.

I must have been there hours when at last I heard a quick step and cheery whistle. By the dim morning light I could distinguish the figure of a boy, in working clothes, not over sixteen. He nearly stepped on me as he reached the spot where I had fallen. He asked me if I was hurt and after I had sobbed out my whole story took me to his home. He then called his mother and started on his way again. In a short time a woman came in and it needed but one glance for me to recognize Bridget O'Brien, the Irish woman for whom I had paid the car fare five years before. After I had made myself known to her she could not do enough for me. She made me remove my wet clothing and bound my ankle. For three days, while I suffered from a nervous shock, Mrs. O'Brien never left my bedside. The fourth day I was afraid my relatives would worry about me, so I sent Tim O'Brien, who first had come to my aid, to search the directory for my aunt's address.

This was easily found, and with borrowed money I reached my brother's office just as he was leaving to return to my aunt's. He listened with a grave face to all my trouble, which I told him as we walked along. My aunt was much better, he said, but worried at my non-appearance.

I saw the Magdalene Mission again and could hear

the organist as he practiced for the Sunday services. "Shall we go in?" asked my brother. We went in and talked of all that had passed in the five years we had been apart, and of the great blessing I had received from paying the Irish woman's fare. As we left the church the organ pealed forth in full, rich melody what was to me now an almost sacred hymn, "Cast Thy Bread upon the Waters."

Our Boys.

BARBARA KNOX, '08.

BOYS are inclined to be queer creatures from whatever standpoint your view may be taken. There are many kinds of boys—tall boys and short boys, fat boys and skinny boys, glad boys and sad boys, good boys and bad boys, dull boys and smart boys.

There are things innumerable which boys cannot do. For instance, they are inefficient when it comes to threading needles or sewing on buttons! Much less do their forte lie in trimming hats, making biscuit, or wiping their muddy feet before entering the house; and although they can pull off the hair ribbon of the young lady occupying the next seat, they are not able to retie it. They invariably aggrevate their teachers by failing to speak of execuses for trips down town or to the laboratory, and often bring the wrath of the janitor upon their heads by training long after the 4:15 bell has rung.

On the other hand there are a great many uses to which boys may be put. They are good to sharpen pencils, fill inkwells, and clean the blackboards. They are good to carry packages, climb trees after your tennis balls, and explain those exercises in geometry. Again they are excellent (?) when it comes to winning honors at a track meet, and, on the whole, I do not see how we could get on without them.

But school days, all too soon, pass by, and the boys of yesterday are the men of today. The efforts put forth in the school-room speak for themselves in after life, and the trials of today, if we master them, make those of tomorrow conquerable. Who knows but what the Junior that hazes Freshmen in 1907, will be a university professor or congressman in 1920? But should the future bring none of those opportunities, our boys will be gentlemen, and prove that a school-day prophecy was not false.

A False Lover

ROY FRICK, '09.

"JOHN Rice has stopped in town for a few day's visit with friends."

These few lines Miss Stater noticed in the village paper. It had been years since she and John Rice had parted. Then he had promised to come back as soon as he had made a fortune. As the years passed the letters from the west became shorter and further between, until at last they stopped altogether. Of course John had made a fortune for her at last. But why had he not called? Now she knew! He was waiting till the dance the next evening when he would surprise her. John was always trying to surprise someone when he was a boy. She tried to imagine how he looked now. When he went away he was only nineteen, but large and well built for his age. Of course he must be nearly thirty now. Almost ten years would make a great change. Well, she would go to the dance and give him a chance to surprise her.

When the people began to arrive at the hall, Miss Stater started. She had spent many weary hours fixing her hair and trying to get her new dress to fit just right. She was tired, but didn't know it.

When she entered the hall, an old friend came up to her and said' "Have you met John Rice yet? Come with me." She led Miss Stater over to a large, fierce looking man, with a very black beard. "Well, Mr. Rice, do you remember Miss Stater?" Remember her? Of course he did. But why had she quit answering his letters? Miss Stater told him she had answered every one, and had written long after he had stopped. He seemed much surprised, and finally decided that the jealous postmistress had not sent his letters off. Miss Stater was asking all the questions she could think of about his ranch, when a small woman of dark complexion came up to them. "Miss Stater, this is my wife, Mrs. Rice." Miss Stater managed to say she was pleased to meet her, and then as soon as possible left them. A few minutes later she went out and ran all the way home, where she cried herself to sleep, thinking how false her lover had been.

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Eighteen Years in Business in Mountain View

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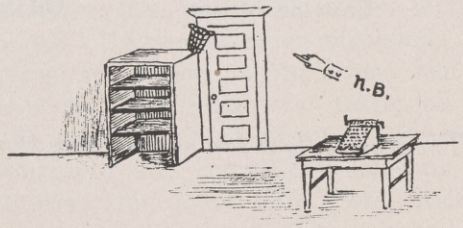
ALL KINDS OF DRAY WORK

FREIGHT HAULING A SPECIALTY

Leave Orders at Rogers & Rogers

Act I



A good joke is planned on a late student, — Pete.

(Continued on next page)

WALTER A. CLARK

T. F. GRANT, Jr.

Walter A. Clark

REAL ESTATE NOTARY PUBLIC

Dealer in all kinds of
ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES
FANS AND MOTORS
Good Lamps a specialty
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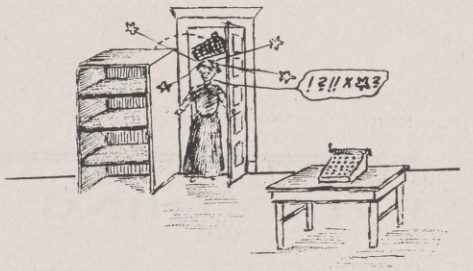
Fixtures Installed
Repairing
Complete
Light and Power Plants
Installed
Satisfaction Guaranteed
ESTIMATES FURNISHED

ROGERS & ROGERS

The Best Place in Mountain View
To Buy
GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Act II



But Pete does not type-write that hour - and the basket falls . . .

— Miss — S. —

(Continued on third page following)

MILNER & SON

CLOTHIERS and.....
MEN'S OUTFITTERS

EVERYTHING FOR MEN AND BOYS

CASTRO STREET :: :: :: :: :: :: :: NEAR POST OFFICE

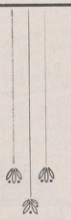
New
Modern
Accomodations

VILLA STREET
NEAR CASTRO

HOTEL

"St. Anne"

MEYER & BOECKER



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Board by Day or Week
Reasonable Rates

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Market....

We Make a Specialty
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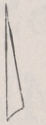
Meats



PHONE MAIN 31

L. Swall, Prop.

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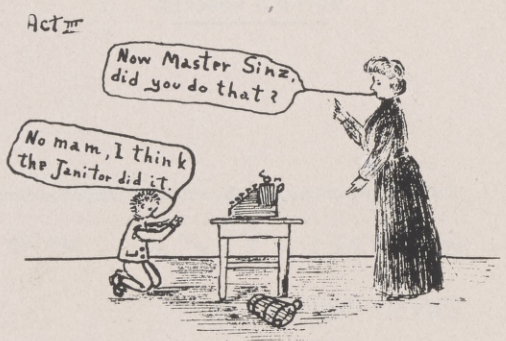
RED CROSS PHARMACY

"THAT'S ALL"

Mountain View
California



One culprit meets his Fate - here — The other gets "his" in Act IX.

(Continued on next page)

Wagon Making
Horse Shoeing
General Jobbing

The WHELAN

Blacksmith Shop

CHARLES A. WHELAN
Proprietor

When we go to the High School
Hard work is all for the best,
We must have lots of exercise
To help our food to digest,
When we go to play our game
Wee'l work, wee'l cry out and shout,
All that go to Kleckner's and buy their shoes
Are the boys that's sure to win out.

Acf IV

THEO. MEYER

GROCERIES, FRUITS,
GRAIN AND FEED

Castro Street

MOUNTAIN VIEW HIGH SCHOOL
Report of
John Doe,
class....'07....

Subject	Record
Drawing	D
Spelling	D+
Bk.-keping	D-
Type-writing	D
Stenography	D-

When school is over,
In the long summer evenings,
What can be nicer than a
Cosy little chat and a
Sundae with "Her" at

LOVEJOY'S?

Pure Home-Made Candies
UNADULTERATED ICE CREAM

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A good easy Shave, with witch hazel - - 15c
Up-to-date Haircut, any style - - - 25c

Antiseptics used and a clean towel
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All kinds of Musical Instruments, Sheet Music, Phonograph Goods, Pyrography Goods, Clocks, Jewelry, and all of the Standard Makes of Sewing Machines

GOODS SOLD ON EASY PAYMENT PLAN
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Our Suits are "Birds." Made by careful workmen, of the finest of fabrics, in the season's most correct styles. Prices are most moderate.

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My Motto: Fair Treatment to All. Corner HOPE AND FRONT ST. **H. Trulsen, Prop.**

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O. W. LEACH A. A. ENGLES

.....MODERN TIMES.....

In the beginning God created the heavens and earth, then the town of Moutain View and the liberal advertiser, which was all good. The next day it snowed and He created the Automobile and Bicycle man who has his repair work done at Leach & Engles' Shop, another who does not believe in having his work done at all, then he rested.

Then the devil got into the molding room and created the man who has his work done for several years and fails to pay for it. After he has completed that sorry job, and had a few lumps left he created the excuse of a man who believes and informs his neighbors and friends that he can buy an Automobile or Cycle cheaper somewhere else.

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EVERYTHING IN THE BUILDING LINE

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Mountain View Register

THE PIONEER PAPER OF NORTHERN SANTA CLARA COUNTY

Subscription $1.50 per Year

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All the important events of the entire peninsula are recorded each week, especially the doings of the County Supervisors, and a report of each meeting of the Town Board is given in detail. The main object of the paper is to work for the best interest of Mountain View and the immediate vicinity

As an Advertising Medium

The *Register* guarantees that it has more bona fide subscribers in this section than any other paper circulated here, besides a nice list of foreign names, and will open its books as a proof. Circulation is what counts!

As to Job Printing

The office is able to satisfactorily turn out nice job printing in all the varied branches: Letterheads, Envelopes, Billheads, Statements, Cards, Leaflets, Programs, Wedding Announcements or Invitations, Circulars, Posters, etc., and as we have

Just Received New Type

which, connected with the nice line on hand, we are able to produce the latest styles of commercial work. Large runs a specialty. Our prices are based on living wages and not on the "hold-up" basis

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The cost of the Leader to regular subscribers of known integrity, is a dollar and a half a year. Some think this is pretty high, but it isn't really--anyway I don't think so, and I need the money.

P. MILTON SMITH,
EDITOR

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E. J. LAWLER OUR MOTTO E. R. MAZE

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Mountain View Hardware Co.

Hardware : Paints : Oils

PLUMBING

Mountain View - - Cal.

THIS last page of our Magazine marks the successful close of a difficult task, and since the success of the undertaking has been largely due to the constant efforts of our friends outside of the staff, it seems appropriate that our last thought in editing the "Blue and Gray" should be given to them.

It is a pleasure to acknowledge the assistance and supervision of the Faculty, the work of the Drawing Class on the illustrations, the aid of the Type-writing Class in type-writing the manuscript, and the earnestness and cheerfullness of the contributors. We especially thank the advertisers for their financial support and beg that the readers of this magazine will patronize them.

THE STAFF.

MOUNTAIN VIEW
PIONEER & HISTORICAL
ASSOCIATION